THE FIRST 5 ISSUES...COMPLETE!

VOL 1 **World Press** 13[50] 20[25] CANADA

EXTRA!

BODY FOUND IN OCEAN OFF KEY WEST

World Press Editor and Correspondent on Scene

MURDER HINTED

By KEITH MICHAELS

KEY WEST, Jan. 9—George Edson, managing editor of the Miami World Press news service, and this writer were involved early yesterday morning in the discovery of the drowned tuxedo-clad body of a man in the waters two miles southwest of Key West.

The victim, whose identity police refused to divulge for publication, was found by this correspondent while engaging in the sport of spearfishing just off a small group of coral reefs in the Gulf of Mexico. Police officials, while reserving any [illegible] until aft[illegible]

[illegible] Edson said he had been, "astonished and horrified," at sight of the grizzly corpse

Continued on Page 25

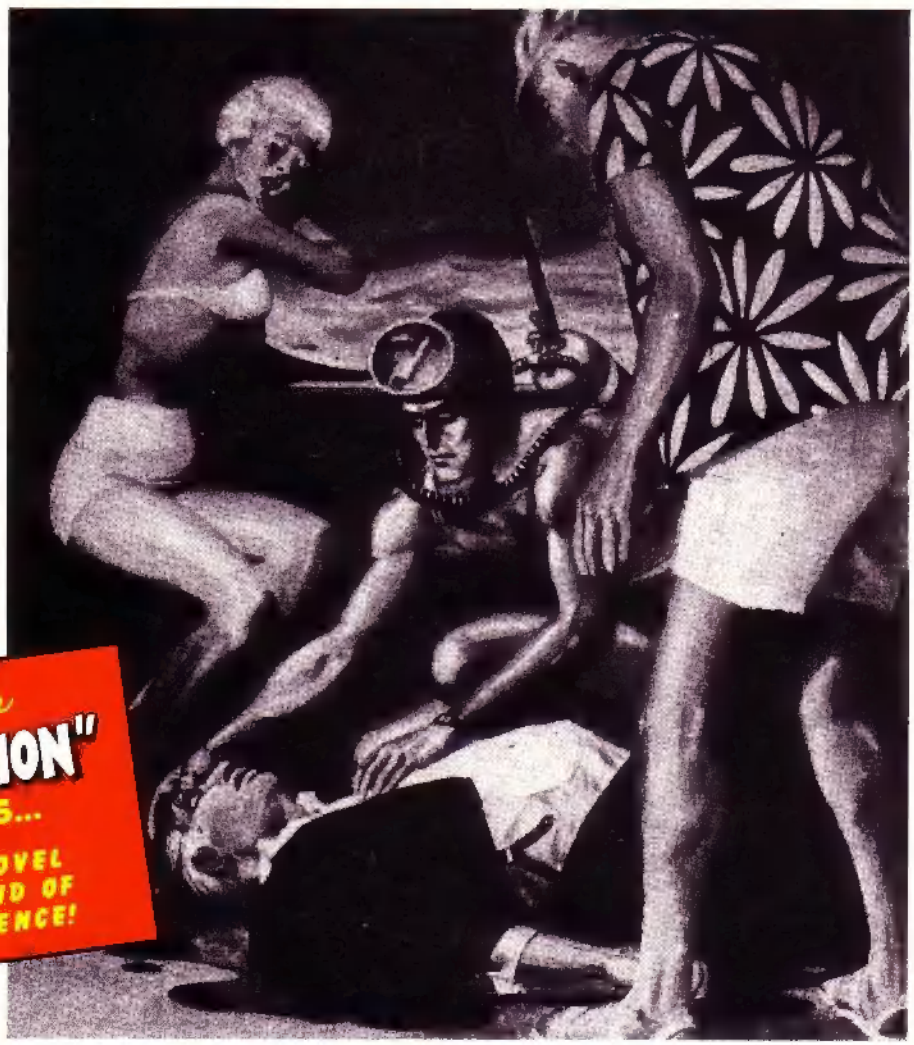


PHOTO BY JOHNNY CRAIG

Introducing a

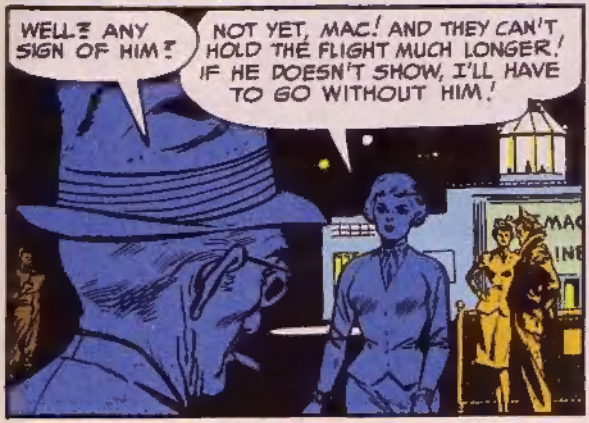
"NEW DIRECTION" IN MAGAZINES...

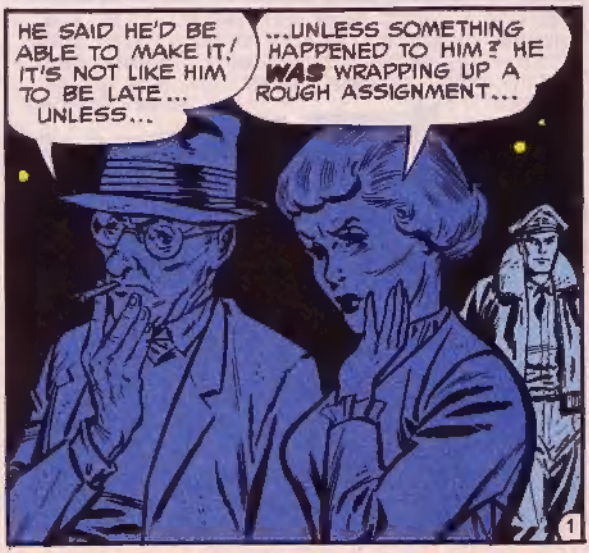
AN ENTIRELY NOVEL AND UNIQUE KIND OF READING EXPERIENCE!

DATELINE: CAYO ROMANO, CUBA!

PATRICK JOSEPH MACDONALD, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF OF THE NEW YORK OFFICE OF THE WORLD PRESS SERVICE, CHEWS NERVOUSLY ON A SCRAGGLY CIGAR AS HE PACES THE CEMENT. FROM TIME TO TIME HE SWITCHES THE BRIEF CASE FROM ONE HAND TO THE OTHER TO GLARE ANXIOUSLY AT HIS WATCH.

THROUGH THE DARKNESS OF THE AIRFIELD HE SEES THE TRIM FIGURE STRIDING BRISKLY TOWARD HIM, HER SKIRT SWAYING RYTHMICALLY IN SILHOUETTE TO THE BRIGHTLY ILLUMINATED FIELD BUILDINGS...

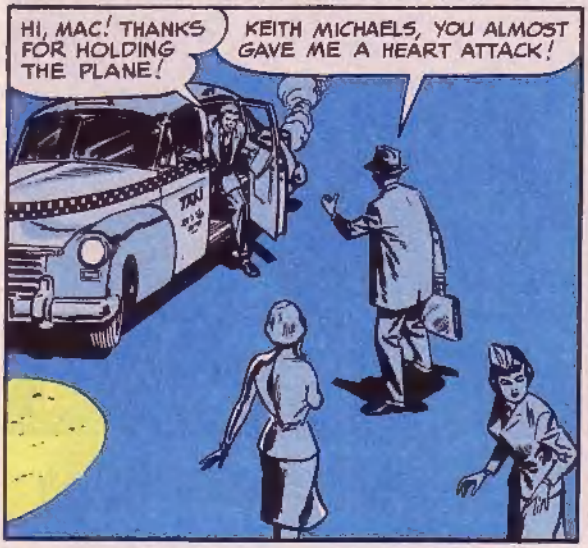




I TOLD HIM TO BE CAREFUL! HE WAS PLAYING WITH DYNAMITE ON THAT JOB!
YOU DON'T THINK?... I MEAN... YOU KNOW HOW HE TAKES CHANCES!

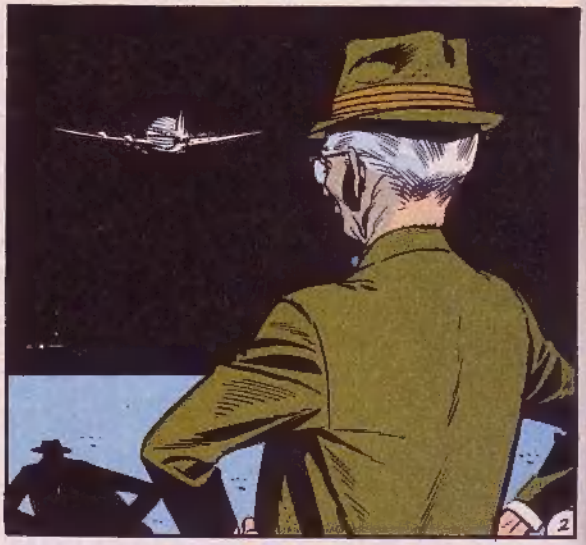
I KNOW! IF ANYTHING HAPPENED...
OH, MAC! I'D DIE!
MISS, WE CAN'T HOLD THE FLIGHT ANY LONGER...

WAIT! THERE'S A TAXI PULLING ONTO THE FIELD!
IT'S HIM! IT MUST BE!


HI, MAC! THANKS FOR HOLDING THE PLANE!
KEITH MICHAELS, YOU ALMOST GAVE ME A HEART ATTACK!
TAXI

SORRY I'M LATE, CHIEF, BUT I WAS ABLE TO FINISH MY STORY IN THE TAXI! HERE IT IS!
WHAT HAPPENED? WHY ARE YOU LATE? DID THEY TRY TO KILL YOU... ROUGH YOU UP? YOU OKAY?

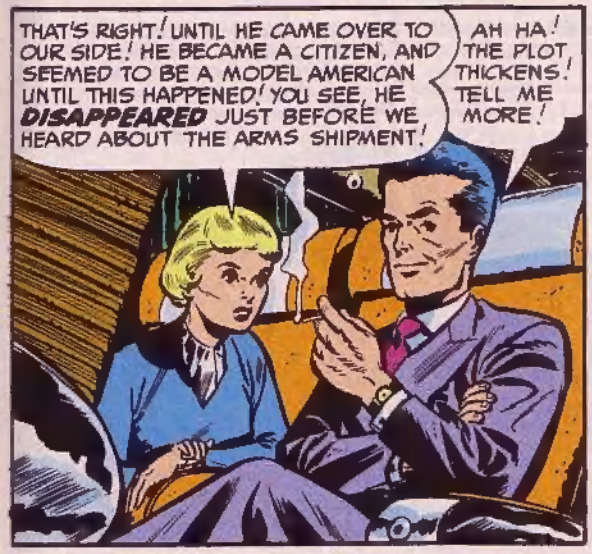
BETTER HURRY, KEITH! WE'RE BEHIND SCHEDULE!
...BUT WHAT HAPPENED?! YOU ALL RIGHT? THEY AFTER YOU? WHAT HAPPENED?!
JUST A FLAT TIRE, MAC! SEE YOU IN THE FUNNY PAPERS!

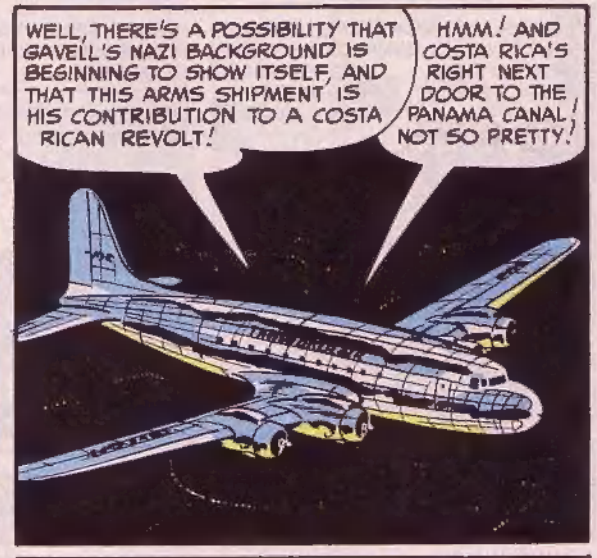


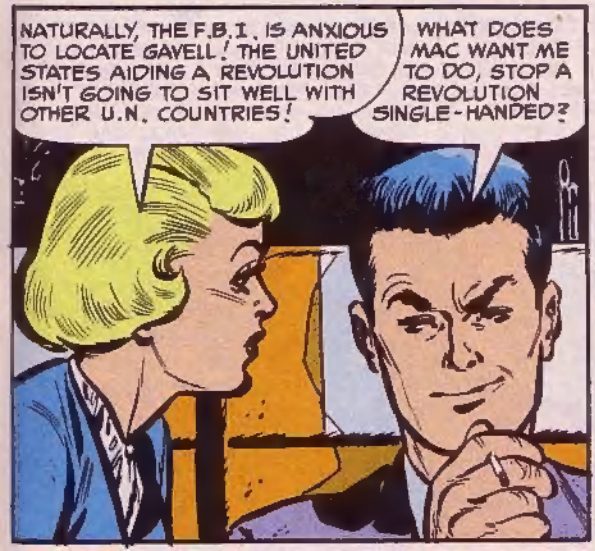
THERE WASN'T TIME TO GET ANY INFORMATION FROM MAC, VICKI! WHAT'S IT ALL ABOUT?
I'M NOT TOO SURE, KEITH! HERE'S WHAT WE HAVE, ANYWAY...

WE RECEIVED A TIP THAT A U.S. MUNITIONS FIRM IS SHIPPING LARGE AMOUNTS OF ARMS TO COSTA RICA! WE CHECKED, AND FOUND THE F.B.I. ON THE JOB SO THERE MUST BE SOMETHING TO IT!
SOUNDS SIMPLE ENOUGH, SO FAR!

SOUNDS BIG! THE F.B.I. WANTS IT KEPT QUIET, AND WE CAN'T GET ANY OTHER INFORMATION! BUT WE KNOW THE OWNER OF THE MUNITIONS FIRM IS HENRY GAVELL!
GAVELL! HIGH RANKING NAZI IN WORLD WAR TWO?


THAT'S RIGHT! UNTIL HE CAME OVER TO OUR SIDE! HE BECAME A CITIZEN, AND SEEMED TO BE A MODEL AMERICAN UNTIL THIS HAPPENED! YOU SEE, HE DISAPPEARED JUST BEFORE WE HEARD ABOUT THE ARMS SHIPMENT!
AH HA! THE PLOT THICKENS! TELL ME MORE!

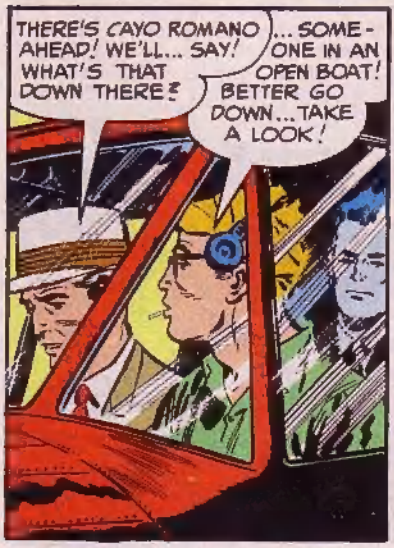

WELL, THERE'S A POSSIBILITY THAT GAVELL'S NAZI BACKGROUND IS BEGINNING TO SHOW ITSELF, AND THAT THIS ARMS SHIPMENT IS HIS CONTRIBUTION TO A COSTA RICAN REVOLT!
HMM! AND COSTA RICA'S RIGHT NEXT DOOR TO THE PANAMA CANAL! NOT SO PRETTY!


NATURALLY, THE F.B.I. IS ANXIOUS TO LOCATE GAVELL! THE UNITED STATES AIDING A REVOLUTION ISN'T GOING TO SIT WELL WITH OTHER U.N. COUNTRIES!
WHAT DOES MAC WANT ME TO DO, STOP A REVOLUTION SINGLE-HANDED?

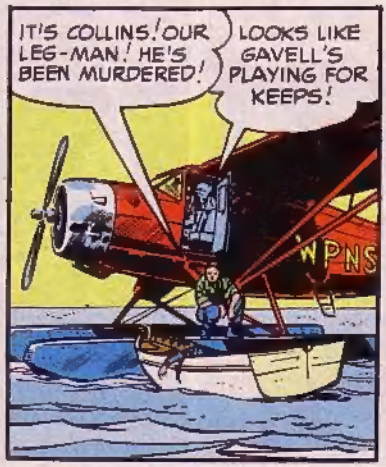
NO, SILLY! OUR MIAMI OFFICE THINKS THEY'VE SPOTTED HENRY GAVELL'S YACHT OFF CUBA! YOU HAVE TO INTERVIEW HIM... FIND OUT WHAT'S BEHIND IT ALL!
GOOD! THAT SOUNDS QUIET ENOUGH! MAYBE I'LL EVEN GET IN A LITTLE SPEAR-FISHING!

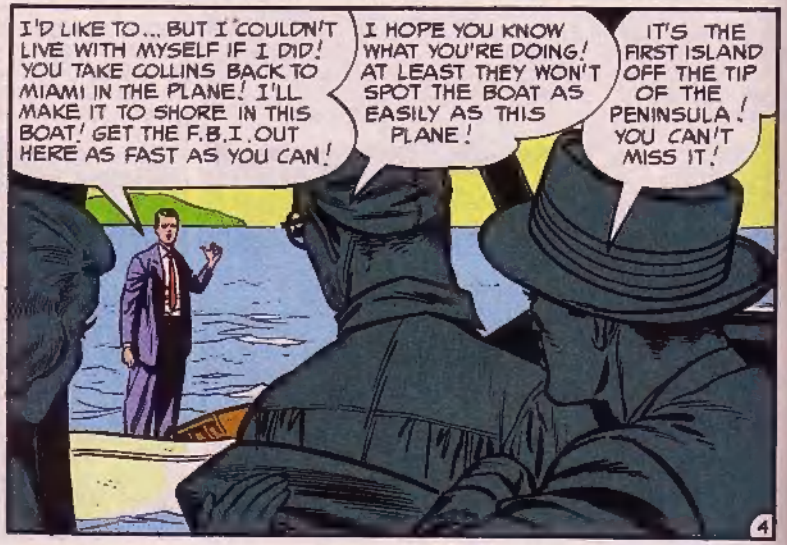
MIAMI...THE BIG PLANE LANDS, AND IN THE EARLY GREY DAWN, KEITH AND VICKI ARE WHISKED AWAY IN A TAXI...

...TO THE SHORE WHERE A SEAPLANE WAITS, ITS PROPS IDLING, READY TO FLY THEM OUT OVER THE FLORIDA STRAITS TOWARD CUBA AND A PENINSULA CALLED CAYO ROMANO...



SWIFTLY THE PLANE LANDS AND DRAWS ALONGSIDE THE DRIFTING BOAT...



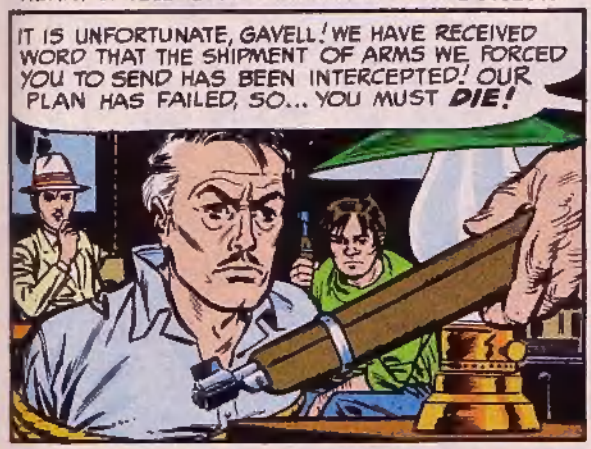


THE SUN IS HIGH WHEN KEITH BEACHES THE BOAT AND DRAGS IT OUT OF SIGHT.

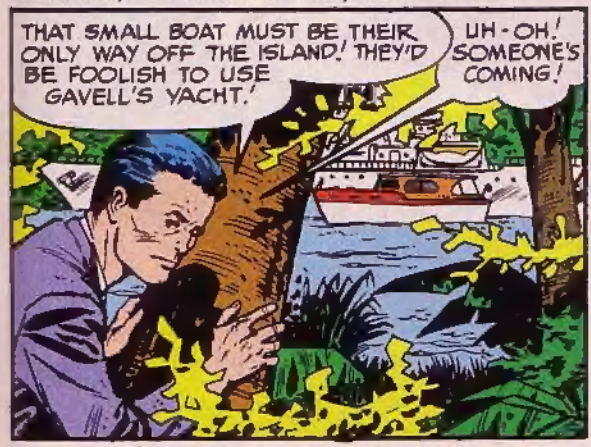
CAUTIOUSLY, HE SCOUTS THE TINY ISLAND, INFILTRATING NOISELESSLY PAST ARMED SENTINELS...

...TILL AT LAST HE COMES UPON A CRUDE DWELLING AND CREEPS UP TO A SMALL WINDOW...

INSIDE HE SEES THE MAN HE HAS TRAVELLED SO FAR TO FIND... ***HENRY GAVELL!*** BUT A CLOSER LOOK TELLS HIM THAT SOMETHING IS WRONG... FOR HENRY GAVELL IS UNDOUBTEDLY A ***PRISONER!***



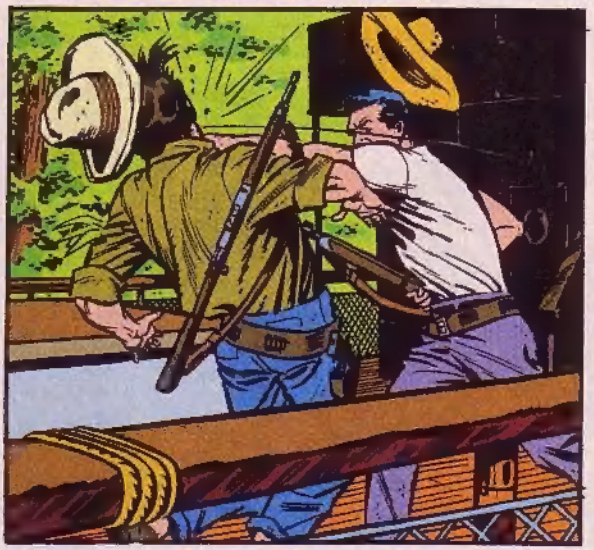
MINUTES LATER HE ALMOST STUMBLES INTO A SMALL LAGOON WHERE A GLEAMING WHITE YACHT NESTLES UNDER THE OVERHANGING TREES... BESIDE IT, HE SEES A SMALLER, FASTER BOAT...

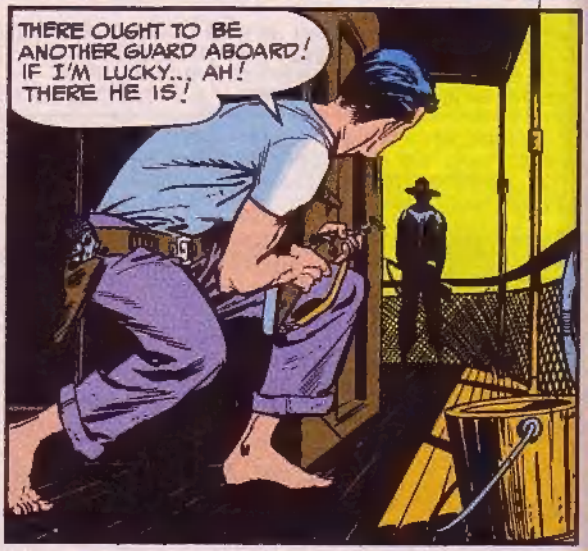


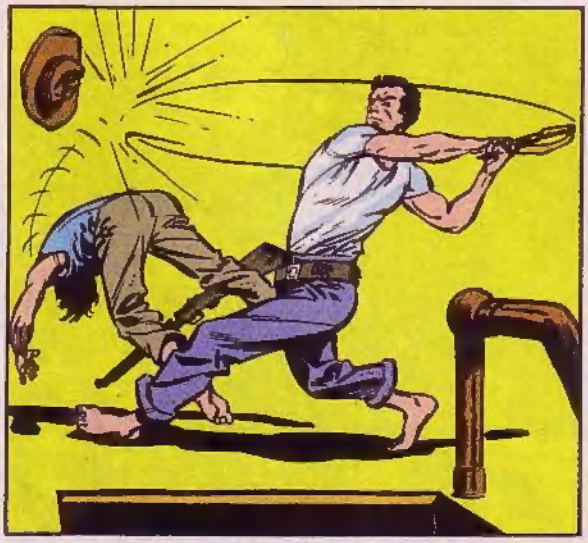
SILENTLY, EFFICIENTLY, KEITH OVERCOMES THE UNWARY GUARD...

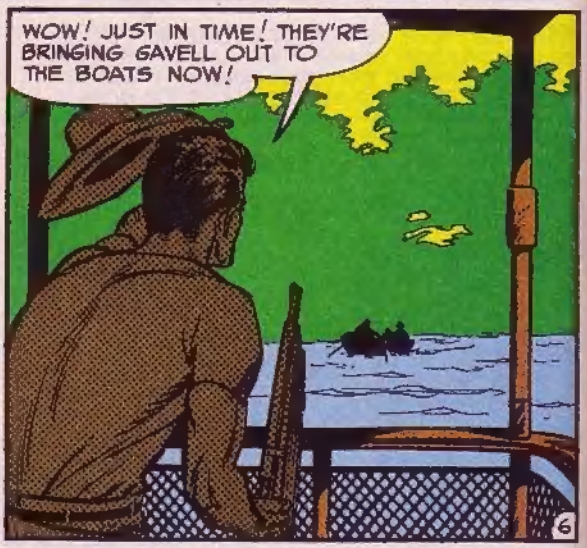
QUICKLY, HE DISCARDS HIS SHIRT, JACKET, SOCKS AND SHOES, ARMS HIMSELF WITH THE UNCONSCIOUS MAN'S WEAPONS...

...THEN ROWS OUT TO THE YACHT AND CLIMBS ABOARD...









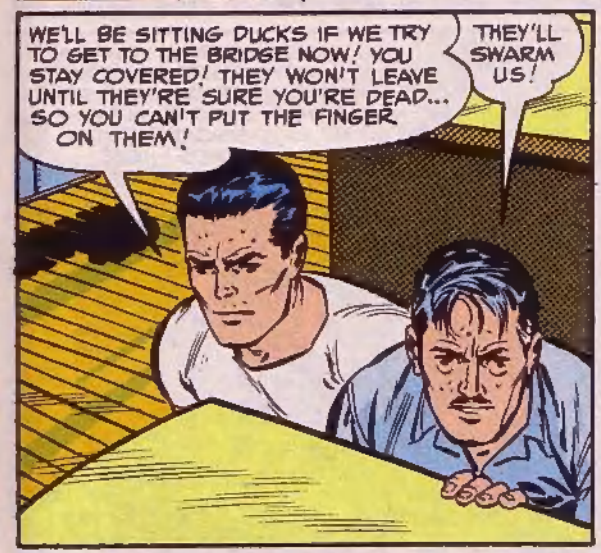
HIS HEAD LOWERED, KEITH HELPS THE BOUND GAVELL ABOARD...

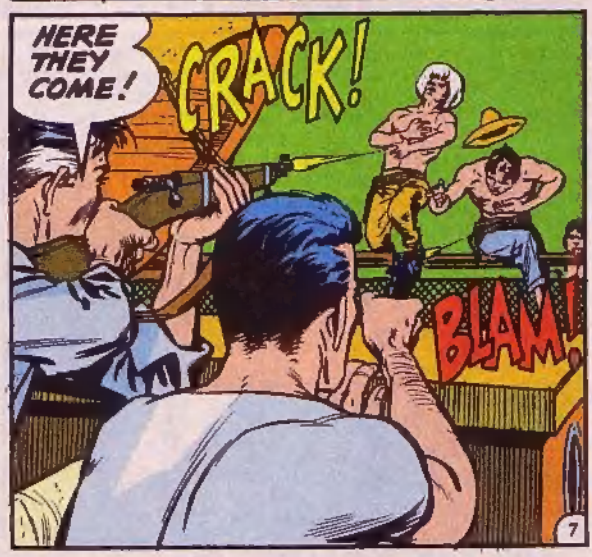
...SLAMS A SURPRISED GUARD ALONGSIDE THE HEAD...

...AND, IN DESPERATION, SHOOTS THE OTHER...
BLAM!
BLAM!

THEY WERE GOING TO TIE ME ABOARD MY YACHT AND SINK IT!
THERE! YOU'RE FREE! GRAB A GUN AND GET READY TO USE IT! THOSE SHOTS WILL BRING THEM ALL DOWN ON US!

IF WE CAN GET TO THE BRIDGE...
TOO LATE! GET DOWN!
PING!
PING!
PING!


WE'LL BE SITTING DUCKS IF WE TRY TO GET TO THE BRIDGE NOW! YOU STAY COVERED! THEY WON'T LEAVE UNTIL THEY'RE SURE YOU'RE DEAD... SO YOU CAN'T PUT THE FINGER ON THEM!
THEY'LL SWARM US!


HERE THEY COME!
CRACK!
BLAM!

THEY'RE SURROUNDING US IN BOATS! THEY'LL BOARD US FROM ALL SIDES!
KEEP COVERED! MAKE YOUR SHOTS COUNT!
BLAM!
FOR LONG MINUTES THE BATTLE RAGES WITH THE TWO MEN USING EVERY MEANS POSSIBLE TO WARD OFF THEIR ATTACKERS...
I'M DOWN TO MY LAST SHOT!
THE YACHT'S STILL MOORED! WE'LL HAVE TO RUN FOR IT IN THEIR BOAT!
AT THAT MOMENT A COAST GUARD BOAT NOSES INTO THE LAGOON, ITS GUNS WREAKING HAVOC AMONG THE FEW ATTACKING BOATS THAT REMAIN...
WE MADE IT! THEY'RE BEING BLASTED TO PIECES!
THAT'S RIGHT, GAVELL! IT COULDN'T HAVE ENDED BETTER IN THE MOVIES! NOW DROP YOUR GUN!
WHA...? WHAT? MICHAELS! WHAT'S THE MATTER?!
YOU WEREN'T SMART ENOUGH! YOU KNEW THE F.B.I. WAS ONTO YOU SO YOU PRETENDED TO BE A PRISONER! YOU DIDN'T STAND A CHANCE OF GETTING AWAY IF YOU RAN FOR IT... BUT YOU HOPED TO TRICK ME INTO HELPING YOU!
YOU'RE CRAZY! THEY KIDNAPED ME...
YOU HAD COLLINS MURDERED WHEN HE TRIED TO REACH YOU, SO I WAS CERTAIN YOU HAD SOMETHING UP YOUR SLEEVE WHEN I HAD SO LITTLE TROUBLE REACHING SHORE AND GETTING THROUGH YOUR GUARDS! BESIDES... THE FACT THAT YOU KNOW MY NAME PROVES YOU WERE EXPECTING ME!
YOUR ONLY OUT WAS TO DOUBLE-CROSS YOUR OWN MEN! THAT'S WHY THEY WANTED TO GET YOU! THEY COULDN'T ESCAPE, AND THEY TRIED TO MAKE SURE YOU DIDN'T GET AWAY EITHER! I HAD TO PLAY ALONG... IF I TIPPED MY HAND SOONER, I WOULDN'T HAVE LIVED TWO SECONDS! HERE COMES THE COAST GUARD, GAVELL! LET'S GO!
THE END

SLICK RAMPART IS A PICTURE MAN... ONE OF THE BEST... BIG AND TOUGH AND QUICK IN THE CLINCHES... HE'S COVERED WAR, RIOT, MURDER AND SUNDAY SCHOOL PICNICS... HERE HE GOES AGAIN INTO TROUBLE... LOOK FOR THE STORY ON PAGE ONE! ***THE LOADED...***

CAMERA!

RAMPART... THERE'S A CONFERENCE IN GENEVA NEXT WEEK THAT MAY DECIDE WHETHER WE HAVE ***PEACE OR WAR!*** CHARLEY AND WALDO WILL BE FILING STORIES OUT... I WANT ***YOUR PICTURES***... OKE?

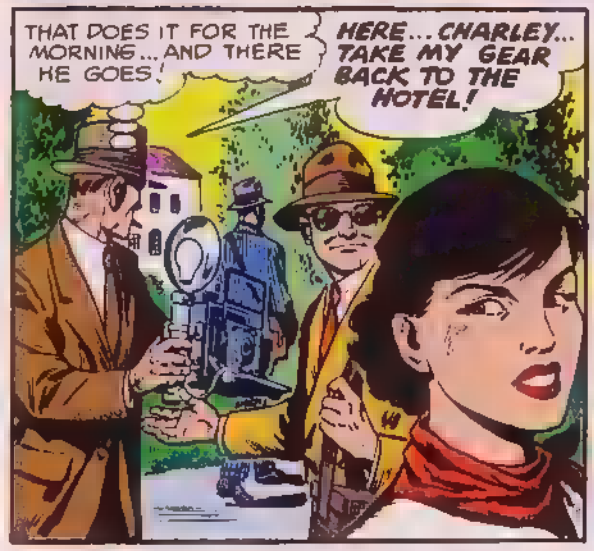
YOU DARN WELL BET... I HEAR GENERAL MARCUS MAY MAKE AN UNSCHEDULED APPEARANCE SOMETIME DURING THE WEEK! I'VE WANTED TO GET A SHOT OF HIM FOR A LONG TIME!

JOHN SEVERIN

YOU CAN'T BE A PRESS PHOTOG IF YOU'RE BASHFUL! CAPTAINS AND QUEENS ARE "***HEY, YOU!***"

HEY YOU... AMBASSADOR!

ER... SAY, BUDDY... YOU FORGOT...



SLICK SHUFFLES ALONG IN THE WAKE OF THE PECULIAR PHOTOG... THROUGH TWISTING, SUNLIT STREETS... HIS NOSE FOR NEWS TWITCHING!

SLICK PUTS A CIGARETTE IN HIS MOUTH, BENDS TO LIGHT IT WITH A LIGHTER THAT IS ALSO A ***SUPER-CANDID*** CAMERA!

HERE'S MY TICKET... LUCKY THEY BUILD THEIR DRAIN-PIPES SOLID OVER HERE!

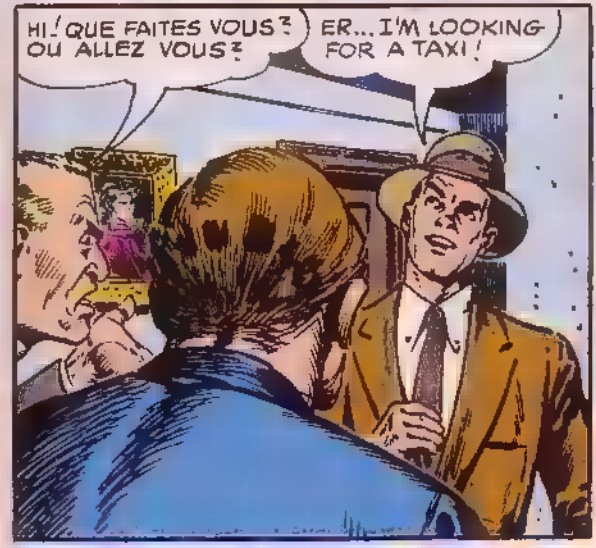
WHAT LUCK! THAT MUST E HIS CAMERA!

AH-HA! STRANGE CAMERA, THIS... REAL STRANGE... A REAL LOADED CAMERA, YOU MIGHT SAY!

UM...AS LONG AS I'M HERE I MIGHT AS WELL LOOK AROUND THE REST OF THIS SET-UP! THERE'S SOMETHING UP AND IT LOOKS LIKE A STORY!

SLICK PROWLS INTO THE HALL...

WHOOPS!...OKAY, RAMPART, THIS IS WHAT YOU GET FOR PUSHIN' YOUR LUCK!
HO!


HI! QUE FAITES VOUS? OU ALLEZ VOUS?
ER... I'M LOOKING FOR A TAXI!

ALL RIGHT, YOU THUGS... KEEP BACK OR SOMEONE GETS HURT!
YAH! YOU!!

THE TWO HULKING MEN HURL THEMSELVES AT SLICK... IT LOOKS EASY... TWO TO ONE!

GET HIM!

BUT, SLICK IS LIKE A COLD STEEL SPRING UNWINDING... WITH CRUSHING STRENGTH!

MEANWHILE... IN THE DOWNSTAIRS LIBRARY!

WHAT'S THAT?

SACRE... THE HOUSE FALLS IN!

KRASH!

THUMP!

THUMP!

TINKLE! TINKLE!

CRAK!

LOOK! AT THE BOTTOM OF THE STAIRS!

IT IS RENÉ AND CASSELLS! WHAT HAPPENED TO THEM?

NOM DE NOM! THEY LOOK LIKE THEY HAVE BEEN THROUGH A MEAT GRINDER!

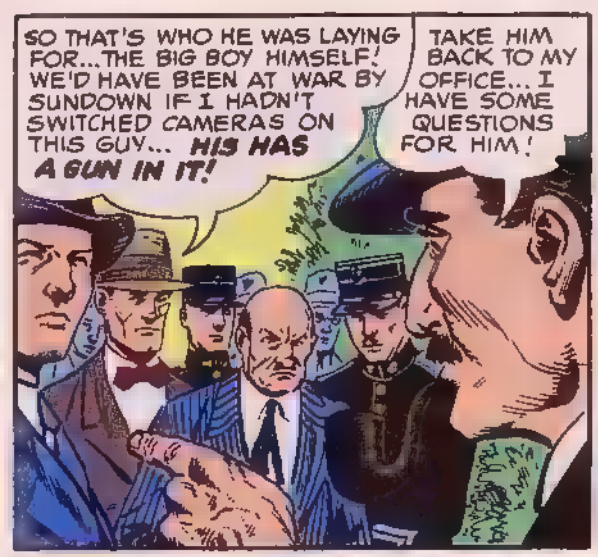
WHAT'S BEEN DONE TO THEM?

CALL AN AMBULANCE! THEY HAVE BEEN BEATEN NEARLY TO DEATH!

MEANWHILE... THE OTHER SIDE OF THE BATTLE SAUNTERS DOWN THE STREET... HAPPILY!

MAN... THERE WERE TWO NO TALENT STRONGARM MEN!

LATER: AT SLICK'S HOTEL...
LET ME TALK TO INSPECTOR EDRICH ELFBURG, PLEASE... TELL HIM IT'S RAMPART CALLING!
STILL LATER...
WHEN I GET THROUGH WITH THIS... I'LL SEE IF I CAN SNEAK BACK INTO THAT HOUSE!
IN THE SMALL HOURS OF THE MORNING!
THAT'S THE ONE, EDRICH... THE ONE WITH THE SPEED GRAPHIC!
OH... HIM! THAT ONE WE HAVE OFTEN HAD OUR SUSPICIONS ABOUT... BUT NEVER PROOF!
HEY... SLICK! GET YER CAMERA... GENERAL MARCUS IS MAKING A SURPRISE VISIT!
YEAH, BO! THAT'S WHAT I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR... WATCH OUR PIDGEON, EDRICH!
HEY, GENERAL!
HEY, WHA-?
WAVE YOUR HA—
GIVE US A SMILE, GENERAL!
KRAK!
SO THAT'S WHO HE WAS AFTER! I GOT HIM, EDRICH!
GRAB HIM!

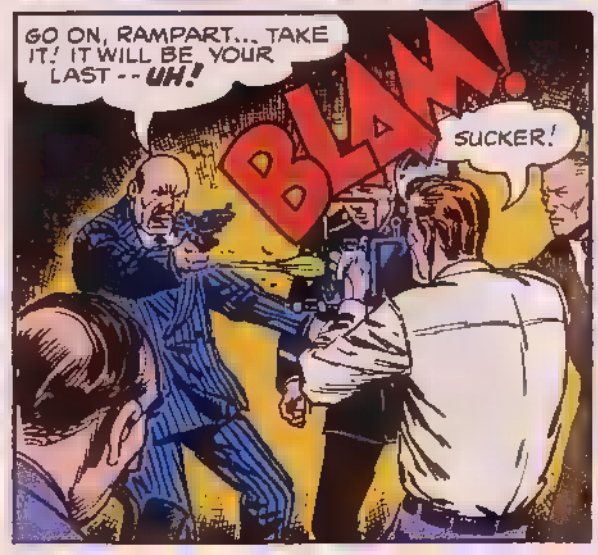

SO THAT'S WHO HE WAS LAYING FOR...THE BIG BOY HIMSELF! WE'D HAVE BEEN AT WAR BY SUNDOWN IF I HADN'T SWITCHED CAMERAS ON THIS GUY... HIS HAS A GUN IN IT!
TAKE HIM BACK TO MY OFFICE... I HAVE SOME QUESTIONS FOR HIM!

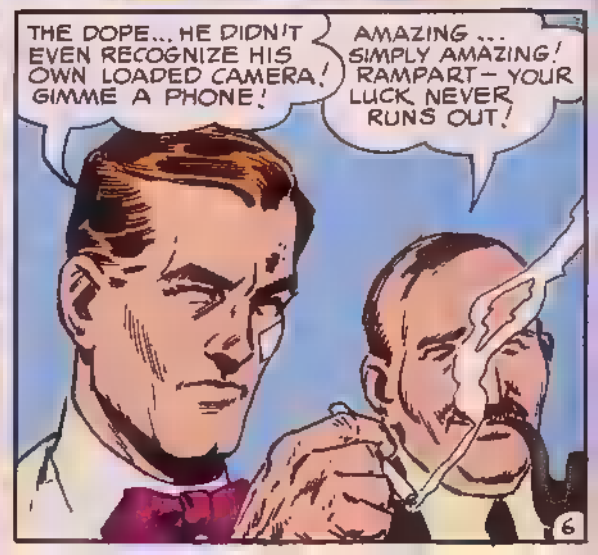
YOU CAN'T HOLD ME, INSPECTOR! NO ONE IS HURT! I WASN'T POINTING THE CAMERA AT MARCUS... AND YOU CAN'T PROVE THAT I WAS! YOU HAVE NO CASE! OUI?
WHY, YOU—

DON'T LET HIM RIDE YOU, EDRICH...I PUT FILM IN THE CAMERA I LEFT FOR HIM AND HE TOOK THE SWEETEST SHOT OF MARCUS YOU EVER SAW...GOOD ENOUGH TO HANG HIMSELF WITH!

ALL RIGHT...DON'T MOVE! I HAVE HIS GUN! I'M GETTING OUT OF HERE...AND IT'S THE LAST YOU'LL SEE OF ME!

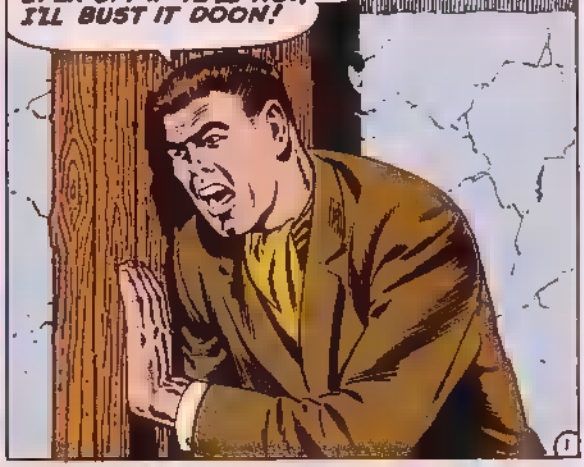
WELL LET ME GET A GOOD SHOT OF THIS, HUH, BUDDY? GIVES ME A BEAT!

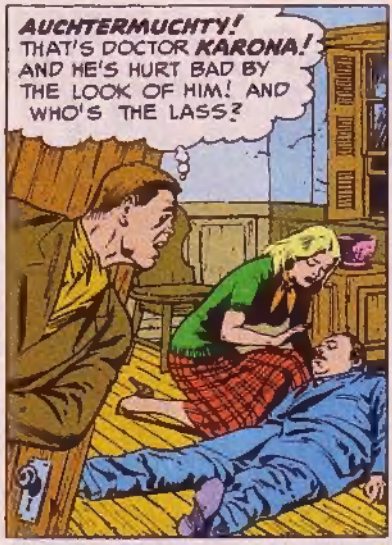

GO ON, RAMPART... TAKE IT! IT WILL BE YOUR LAST--UH!
BLAM!
SUCKER!


THE DOPE... HE DIDN'T EVEN RECOGNIZE HIS OWN LOADED CAMERA! GIMME A PHONE!
AMAZING ... SIMPLY AMAZING! RAMPART— YOUR LUCK NEVER RUNS OUT!

HOLIDAY FOR MACDUFF

PEERING DOWN AT THE ISOLATED ISLAND OF CHRISTIAN WITH A SEAGULL'S EYE YOU'D SEE A TINY DOT SPRINKLED INTO THE SWEET-WATERED BALTIC SEA OF NORTHERN EUROPE. THERE WERE FEW PEOPLE ON THE ISLAND... MOSTLY FISHERMEN'S FAMILIES, AND A FEW TOURISTS WHO STUMBLED UPON IT LIKE GLOBE-TROTTING JOCK MACDUFF, WHO THOUGHT IT A PERFECT HAVEN FOR REST AND RELAXATION...

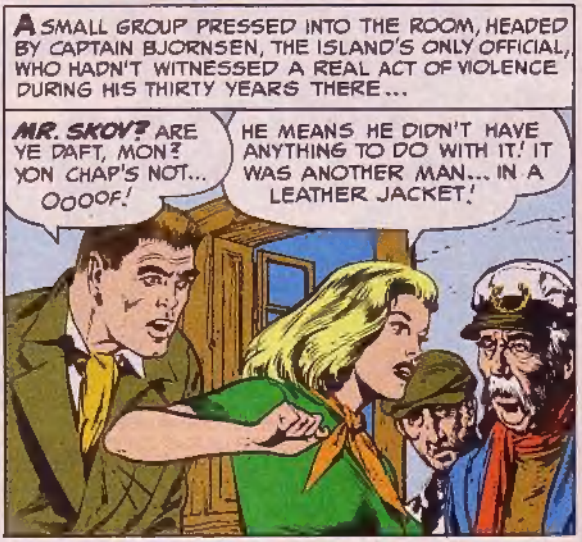


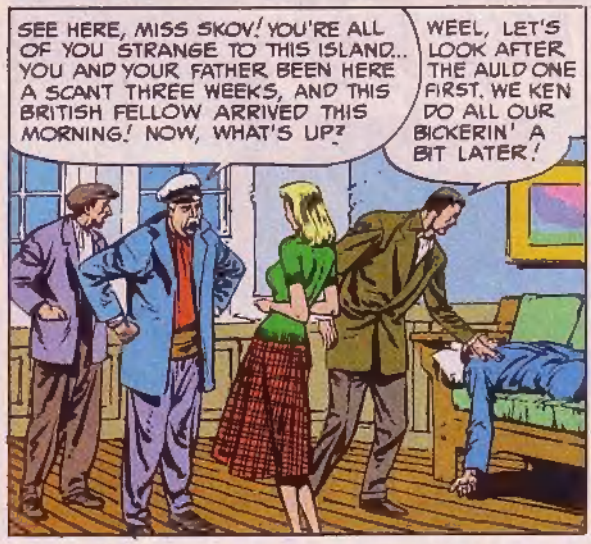

AUCHTERMUCHTY! THAT'S DOCTOR KARONA! AND HE'S HURT BAD BY THE LOOK OF HIM! AND WHO'S THE LASS?

OH... POOR FATHER! IS HE... IS HE ALL RIGHT?
AYE, HE'S A TOUGH ONE! FATHER, YE SAY? THIS MON'S YER FATHER?

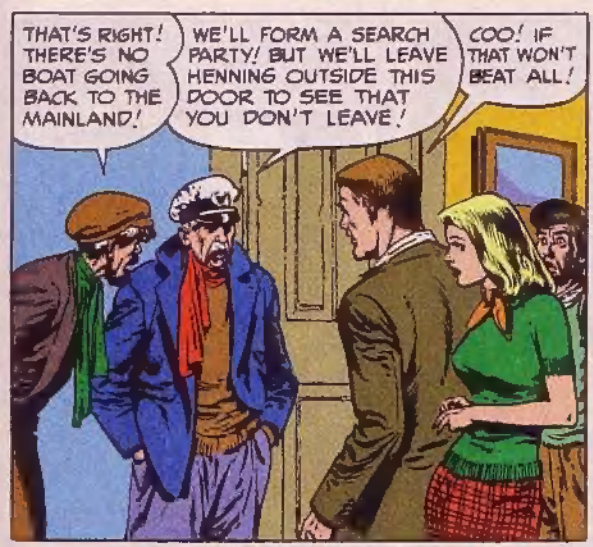
YES. HE'S JUST A SHOPKEEPER FROM COPENHAGEN! HIS NAME IS SKOV! WE...
HOOT, LASSIE! DINNA TELL SUCH FIBS! WHY, EVEN A WEE BABE KNOWS THAT MON IS DOCTOR KARL KARONA!

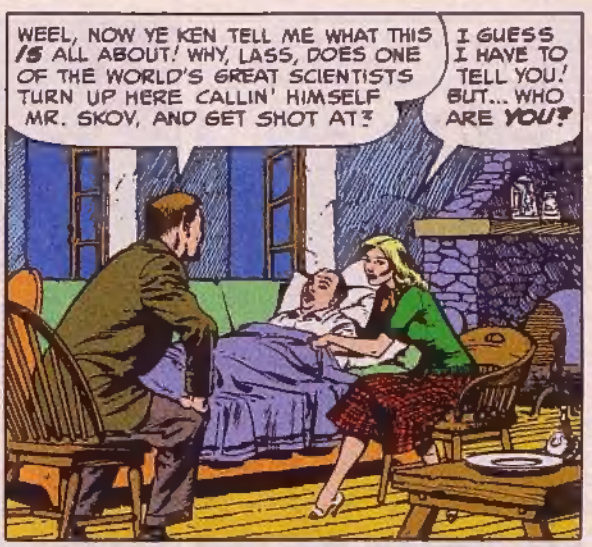
HOW... HOW DID YOU KNOW? OH, PLEASE DON'T TELL ANYONE WHO HE IS! WE'RE IN DANGER ENOUGH!
WELL, NOW, I DINNA...
YOU, STRANGER! WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO MR. SKOV?


A SMALL GROUP PRESSED INTO THE ROOM, HEADED BY CAPTAIN BJORNSEN, THE ISLAND'S ONLY OFFICIAL, WHO HADN'T WITNESSED A REAL ACT OF VIOLENCE DURING HIS THIRTY YEARS THERE...
MR. SKOV? ARE YE DAFT, MON? YON CHAP'S NOT... OOOOF!
HE MEANS HE DIDN'T HAVE ANYTHING TO DO WITH IT! IT WAS ANOTHER MAN... IN A LEATHER JACKET!


SEE HERE, MISS SKOV! YOU'RE ALL OF YOU STRANGE TO THIS ISLAND... YOU AND YOUR FATHER BEEN HERE A SCANT THREE WEEKS, AND THIS BRITISH FELLOW ARRIVED THIS MORNING! NOW, WHAT'S UP?
WEEL, LET'S LOOK AFTER THE AULD ONE FIRST. WE KEN DO ALL OUR BICKERIN' A BIT LATER!

I DON'T LIKE THE LOOKS OF THAT TALL ONE! CAME OVER ON THIS MORNING'S MAIL BOAT! HIM, YOUNG JACOBSEN, AND ONE OTHER!
SURE! THAT OTHER ONE WORE A LEATHER JACKET!
SO HE DID! HE MUST STILL BE ON THE ISLAND!


THAT'S RIGHT! THERE'S NO BOAT GOING BACK TO THE MAINLAND!
WE'LL FORM A SEARCH PARTY! BUT WE'LL LEAVE HENNING OUTSIDE THIS DOOR TO SEE THAT YOU DON'T LEAVE!
COO! IF THAT WON'T BEAT ALL!


WEEL, NOW YE KEN TELL ME WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT! WHY, LASS, DOES ONE OF THE WORLD'S GREAT SCIENTISTS TURN UP HERE CALLIN' HIMSELF MR. SKOV, AND GET SHOT AT?
I GUESS I HAVE TO TELL YOU! BUT... WHO ARE YOU?

ME NAME'S MACDUFF... JOCK MACDUFF, A ROVIN' NEWSPAPERMAN BORN O' THE HIGHLAN'S! I CAME HERE TO VACATION A WEE BIT... AND NOW I FIND I'M SITTING ON THE NUMBER ONE STORY IN EUROPE! NOW LET'S HEAR WHAT YOU HAVE TO SAY!

I'M WILHELMINA KARONA! OUR GOVERNMENT PUT US ON THIS ISLAND TO HIDE MY FATHER FROM ENEMY AGENTS, WHILE A STAND-IN KEPT UP THE PRETENSE OF HIS PRESENCE AT HOME! EVIDENTLY THEY FOUND OUT DAD WAS HERE!
THEY? WHO DO YE MEAN?

ENEMY AGENTS! THEY WERE AFTER MY FATHER BECAUSE HE KNOWS EVERYTHING ABOUT THE TINNIUM PROJECT! THEY WANT TO KILL HIM BEFORE HE FINISHED HIS WORK!
OHHO... I SEE!

WEEL, THERE'S NOT MUCH MORE WE CAN DO T' MAKE YER FATHER COMFORTABLE NOW! I'VE GOT US A PLAN TO GET OUT OF HERE!

WHAT? YOU SPRAINED YOUR ANKLE? BUT, I AM NO DOCTOR... YOU WILL HAVE TO WAIT...
I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT AT LEAST LOOK AT IT! IT HURTS!

...COULDN'T YOU JUST... LOOK AT IT!
ER...AH... WELL, I...I KNOW A LITTLE ABOUT ER...SPRAINS! WHERE DID YOU SAY IT HURT?
RIGHT THERE!
AH, THE POOR LAD! HE NIVVER KNEW WHAT HIT HIM!
HOW CAN YOU TELL IT AIN'T THE SCOTSMAN AND THE GIRL IN CAHOOTS!
HOLD ON, NOW! FIRST, WE GOT NO LAWS ABOUT WHAT TO DO IF HE DID IT, AND SECOND...
WAIT! LISTEN!
LOOK! DOWN THERE! IT'S THE MAN IN THE JACKET!
HE'S DONE IN OLD PAUL!
AFTER HIM!
THAT'S THE MAN! THAT'S THE ONE WHO SHOT FATHER!
HE'S TRYING T' MAKE A GETAWAY IN THAT BOAT! THEY'LL NIVVER STOP HIM!

AHA, BUT THAT'S A SLOPPY BOATSMAN! HAD I BEEN A LOG, HE'D BE SINKING!